

judges, the teachers, the statesmen, the preachers, the fathers and the mothers of to-morrow. Look at them! How you can bend them *now*. How they trust you *now*. How they listen to your words *now*. Under this morning sun their hearts are soft clay. The noon day sun will make them hardened brick. Men and women, seize the mighty, the grand opportunity afforded us then, and while it is easy to impress them, write upon their precious hearts their duty to God, their duty to man. Write, and let the rising sun slowly burn it there, and ere long we can defy all the hosts of hell to erase it. I say to you, you will never take the world for Christ by trying to convict men and women of their duty. But you can do it, if you commence with the children. Then be careful how you treat that boy. For he is a jewel. I care not how rough the surface, there is a gem within if you will only dig it out and polish it.

Buttoned up beneath the coat of the raggedest urchin may be found the muscles of a great warrior. Back of that face and just beneath those uncombed locks, may be the mind that will revolutionize the affairs of nations. That arm in a patched calico case may be the one which, raise over surging billows as they are about to sweep over the nations carrying with them death and disaster, shall demand "peace," while the lips cry, "be still."

Then, Christian friends, let us make it our aim to see that those muscles shall make him a great warrior for right against wrong, that that mind shall be used for the advancement of the Master's cause, and that that arm shall be raised to demand the peace proclaimed by the angel over the manger of Bethlehem.

With every man is born a profound devotion to his Creator. Take the babe out into the woods, far away from scenes of man's sin and woe, and let it grow to manhood, and within its breast will be found a strong devotion for its Creator. But take a man amid the world's sin and let him alone and he will soon crush that devotion, often fatally and forever crush it. This then, is the object of the Sunday-school. To counteract the effects of sin, to protect men and women from the wiles of the evil one.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," says Solomon, "and he will not depart from it." There is a profound truth. "*He will not depart from it!*" Hear, ye mothers and fathers, "He will not depart from it." Hear, ye hosts of Sabbath-school teachers, "He will not depart from it." Why is it then, that we have so few

young men in our churches and in our Sabbath-school? Yes, I ask you why? Either they have not been trained up as they should have been or Solomon did not tell the truth. Well, I prefer to believe that Solomon told the truth.

"O," says some poor mother with tear stains on her cheek, "I am sure that is not always the reason. I tried my best to train my boy up in the way he should go. I made him go to Sunday-school every Sunday." Yes, and dear mother perhaps right there is where you made your mistake. You "*made him go*." Perhaps you sent him off to some dry Sunday-school, while you yourself stayed at home. And now instead of going to the house of God, he spends his precious hours among a lot of boisterous companions on the street.

You "*made him go*." O, you should not try to force upon a boy what should be perfectly natural for him to do. I tell you, once and for all, there is something wrong with a Sunday-school when you have to force a boy or girl to attend it. Go to work and find out what is the matter with that boy because he don't want to go to Sunday-school, and perhaps you will find out that the boy is all right, while the Sunday-school is all wrong.

Let me say here that you cannot force a big boy, nor can you attract a little boy into a dry plodding Sunday-school. No, no! The very nature that God gave them will not permit that. Christ was a great lover of children. He loved to be among them, to take them on his lap, and bless them. His love was so great for the little ones that he made the solemn declaration that "except we become as little children, we cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Oh, ye Pharisees, ye scribes, ye doctors of divinity, take off your long faces and long gowns and become a boy again, or you cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven. There is none of your kind in that land of joy and gladness, among the angels so fair and bright.

Give me the boy with plenty of life. I want a boy full of vim and vigor, a boy that loves a bat and ball, a boy with a laughing, beaming face, a boy full of fun and merriment. That is the boy for me and I thank God that is the average American boy. That is the kind of a boy from which the Saviour drew his lessons, as the little fellow danced and romped about him in his play. And you might as well try to keep a bird in an unroofed tent, as to keep that boy in a stale, dried up Sunday-school. But make the Sunday-school a living thing, make it interesting, make love the theme, and humanity the cause, and you might as well try to keep the bee out of the garden, as to try

to keep that boy out of Sunday-school. Get out of every lesson some living, thrilling theme to discuss. Blow the live coals. Let the ashes alone. Unless you do, you can't long attract that boy to Sunday-school.

But above all, and first and last, implant in the mind of that boy that the greatest and grandest thing in all this world, is to be a Christian. That there is no better way in all this world to overcome the evil which assails him, than to have his feet planted firmly on the "Rock of Ages." That he will be happier in life by being a Christian, and happier in death by being a Christian, and happier in eternity by being a Christian.

It will not be long any more until these golden days will be but a memory. Soon, ah! too soon, must they put their hands to the plough. Soon, too soon, must they learn that life is stern and real. O, let us do all in our power to pluck those hidden thorns from the roses on which they expect to tread. *We know they are there. They don't.* And dear Sunday-school teachers, "happy it will be for you if in their young impressible years, you have forged a chain of love to bind their hearts to yours—a chain so strong that time cannot rust, life cannot sever, and death can only strengthen."

THE WASHINGTON D. C. BRETHREN CHURCH.

I. D. BOWMAN.

The Lord has added to our number a precious little band in the capital of our nation. About three years ago the G. B. Brethren started a work in Washington. For about a year they labored without any marked success. Then it was abandoned. The minister loathed to leave the work, hence like Abraham he struggled on by faith, not knowing from whence his support. After a few months the board took up the work again.

Probably a year later he came in contact with men who were living holy, consecrated lives. He showed them some of the beautiful doctrines of the Bible that they had never seen before, and they showed him something of a higher spiritual life. (O, I am so glad that about two years ago I first caught the glimpse of "*the more excellent way*.")

They accepted the Bible form of doctrine, and he accepted the "perfect love." Then the Lord began to pour out his Spirit upon the work and souls were added to the Lord. Of course as soon as he got a good hold upon the Lord he could no longer hinder God's work by the traditions of men. This brought trouble. But like Daniel, they could find no fault